



Watch
for
our
Announcement
in
Tuesday's
Intelligencer
It will pay
YOU
B. Fleishman
& Bros.
on the square

ANTWERP STANDS STRONG AGAINST GERMAN SIEGE

Famous Old Belgian Seaport As
Seen by Miss Louise Mack,
an English Writer.

TRAVELING WITH REFUGEES

Fleeing in Terror, They Honor Their
Wounded Soldiers—Banner-Clad
City Is Prepared to Repel
the Teuton Foe.

(International News Service.)

Antwerp, Belgium. — An English woman, Miss Louise Mack, a well-known writer of fiction, has written a vivid description of this ancient seaport in wartime, which the Germans are attacking. The town has become the haven of thousands of refugees, Belgians, British and Americans. The capital of Belgium was transferred here from Brussels, and German Zeppelins brought the city into prominence by bombarding it from the skies at night. Miss Mack writes:

"Slowly, painfully, through the blazing summer day, our long, brown train goes creeping towards Antwerp. Antwerp! The name has grown into an emblem of hope in these sad days, when the Belgians are fleeing for their lives from their little homes among the flat, green pastures, fleeing towards their own fortified city that we English know as Antwerp, or else directing their desperate, maddened flights to the ineffable peace and security of the far-off and mysterious 'Angleterre'."

"See them at every station crowding in! In they crowd, herding like dumb, driven cattle, and always the poor, white-faced women with their wide, innocent eyes have babies in their arms and children tugging at their skirts. Wherever we stop we find the platforms lined ten deep, and by the wildness with which they fight their way into the already crowded carriage one knows the pent-up terror in these poor, simple hearts. They must get in, they must. Whatever happens they must get inside that train. And soon every compartment is packed and on we go through the stifling, blinding August day inwards toward Antwerp."

Room for Soldier Heroes.
"Ah, but when a soldier comes along how eager everyone is to find place for him. Not one of us but would gladly give our seat or our standing room up to a 'soldat,' and when our wounded soldiers from Malines appear at the doors we perform miracles in that long, brown train. We squeeze ourselves to nothing."

"A soldier is talking. . . . How we listen! Never did divine or statesman get such a hearing as that blue, worn-out, wounded man, white with dust, clogged with mud, his yellow beard weeks old on his young face, with his poor feet in their broken, ragged boots, and his red and blue cap blackened with smoke and hardened with earth where he has slept among the beetles and potatoes."

"At Malines," he is telling us in a faint voice, "at intervals I often saw the king. He was there. He was fighting. I saw him several times. I was quite near him. He had a bravery magnificent, our king. I saw a cannon exploding just a bare yard from where he was. Over and over again I saw his face, always calm, resolute. I hope all is well with him," he ends forlornly, "but in battle one knows nothing."

"All is well," cry a dozen eager voices. "The king is back at Antwerp now. He is safe in his palace."

In the Ghent Cathedral.

"Hour after hour goes by. Two hours' wait at Ghent, and we rush in a 'voiture' round the beautiful old city, finding everything quite calm here, and not a sign of the Germans anywhere. We enter the cathedral. It is Saturday morning, but crowds of people are there telling their rosaries. Then a priest begins a sermon, and I hear words that I am destined to hear again later on at Antwerp—words that have already begun to form the noble keynote to the Belgian character. Remember this, my children, says the little priest, seal to silence est grand; la rote est faiblesse. (Only silence is great; the rest is weakness.)"

"Antwerp at last, and the first we see of it is a bewildering mass of taxicabs arrayed in the middle of wide, green fields at the city's outskirts, for all taxis and motor cars have been commandeered by the government at Antwerp. Near the taxis is a field of flying machines, biplanes, monoplanes, airships, a magnificent array of air craft, with the sunlight glittering over them like silver. The Zeppelin caught them unaware the other night. They will never be caught like that again. In the field there goes on a ceaseless activity—they are always ready now and always getting still more ready."

Not Easy to Enter Antwerp.
"Antwerp station is the second largest in the world and in these days it has need to be big. The crowds that pour out of the trains here are appalling. All the world seems to be coming to Antwerp. Soldiers are everywhere, armed to the hilt, and stern

and implacable. It is a terrible affair to get into Antwerp. You wait and wait and wait, and at last you get to a soldier. You show your passport and he reads it slowly, oh, so slowly, while two soldiers stand on each side of you, their bayonets horribly near. What are you coming to Antwerp for? Where are you going? Where do you come from? Explain your presence. And explain you must, or never will you get in to that inner line of bayonets that yet awaits you."

"Out of the station at last, safe through it all, famished, worn out, but happy at having really arrived at one's goal. Into the restaurant a crowd of priests come hurrying, their long, black robes flapping heavily, and soon they are begging for my Dally Mail, that I bought at Ostend. They hang over the pictures of the British troops arriving in Ostend, and presently, looking up, I discover a curious sight. One by one all that restaurant—waiters, customers, managers and all—have crept towards the priests' table and are craning their heads to catch a glimpse of what mean more to them than anything else—pictures—for they never have pictures in their papers, never any pictures at all, and as many of them cannot read, these photographs are life to them."

Ready for the Siege.
"Antwerp is crowded. Her streets are full wherever you go. Walled in all around with magnificent fortifications, she stands ready for siege. Soldiers and gendarmes are everywhere. At every third step you are called on to halt at the point of a bayonet."

"How beautiful Antwerp is. She has a glorious beauty all her own. In the golden, blazing sunlight thousands of banners are floating in the wind, enormous banners, hanging out of those great, white houses that stand in the magnificent avenues lined with acacias, hanging out of all the shops and houses along the Chaussee de Malines, hanging even from the cathedral—banners, banners, they are everywhere. Hour after hour one drives about and there are banners always—gold, red and black, floating everywhere. That black gives a curiously majestic if somber look to the city. I confess I don't quite like it, and if I were a Belgian I would raise heaven and earth to have the black taken out of my national flag."

"Night falls—a soft, warm, summer night, and in semidarkness we dine at our hotel, with the waiters moving about like specters. Then we go out into the streets again. It is eight o'clock. The city has drawn down all its blinds, all its shutters. No lights burn in the streets. No lights show in the houses. All the cafes and restaurants are in darkness. Through the darkness, filled always with a shivering dread, people move about, too restless to remain within doors in this stifling August heat. And over all is silence. In silence the guards stand before the big, white royal palace, where faint lights are dim behind the heavily curtained windows on the ground floor. Soon the silence and the darkness, so poignant and significant, grow too much for one's nerves, and the streets empty, and we will go home to our haunted homes, too exhausted by our emotion to care much if the Zeppelin does come tonight."

"Early next morning, while the dew was fresh, I went to the outskirts of the city to look at the mined waters and armed trenches, but I was promptly held up by two soldiers. They leaned from each side into my carriage and demanded what I was doing there. The younger one—he was only a boy—looked very fierce and tried a ruse. He spoke to me in German. I was just in time to save myself from replying in that fatal language. Then he pointed to the top of his bayonet. The older soldier frowned at him and said, 'No, no. Elle est Anglaise.' But the boy looked very fierce. He was very young—I hope the Germans will never get him."

ROUTED BY DON COSSACKS

Defeat of the Showy Hungarian Cavalry at Lemberg Described by Russian Officer.

London. — A Petrograd dispatch quotes a Cossack officer who describes the Russian entry into Lemberg:

"Our turn came," says the officer. "When the Austrians began to give way before our infantry. Then we were let loose on the enemy's broken rear. We soon converted the retreat of some detachments into a rout. We heard men cry out in terror: 'The Cossacks! the Cossacks!'"

"The Hungarian cavalry tried to stop us, but we swept them aside like straw. They had red breeches and beautiful jackets like those worn by our Cossack women, and fine horses. They were good riders, but did not know how to use spears."

"When we, the Don Cossacks, charge we throw in our blows not only our own weight, but the whole weight of our horses. The Austrians fled in a panic."

"The same morning the Cossacks rode into the conquered town. Nobody fired on us. We were received as friends and brothers. Church bells rang and priests came out and blessed us."

"A young Cossack officer, fresh from the cavalry school, saw a German armored train try to penetrate into Russian Poland. It bristled with machine guns. He divided his small force, sent one half back behind the train and destroyed part of the track. He met the train with the other half. The Germans thought large forces of Russians were near and mounted the train backward. It ran off the rails and was captured."

AT THE CHURCHES

Midway Presbyterian Church.
The interesting series of services which have been conducted at Midway Presbyterian church during the past week will come to a close tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock. Rev. Dr. W. H. Frazer, of the First Presbyterian church, Anderson, has been conducting the services. All denominations have been attending the meeting and much good has been realized. The officers wish to extend a cordial invitation to the public for the final service tomorrow.

The First Presbyterian Church.
The service at the First Presbyterian church tomorrow will follow the regular calendar. The Sabbath school will convene at 10 o'clock, under the management of the superintendent, Mr. E. W. Brown. The pastor will preach at 11:30 and 7:30. A very cordial invitation is extended to the public to worship here. Ushers will meet strangers, show them to a seat and hand them a hymn book. "Come—thou with us and we will do thee good."

Grace Church.
Rev. J. H. Gibbons, rector. Phone 835. Services for the Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity, October 11th. 8:00 a. m. The Holy Eucharist. 10:15 a. m. Sunday school. 11:30 a. m. Morning prayer and sermon. 8:00 p. m. evening prayer and sermon. There will be no service on Wednesday afternoon as the rector expects to be in Atlanta for the meeting of the National Convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew.

A. R. P. Church.
The pastor, Rev. J. M. Garrison, left Friday morning for Chester to assist Dr. D. G. Phillips in a meeting. Sabbath school at 10:30 a. m. This is our last Sabbath before our annual report. Let every teacher and pupil be present. Preaching at 11:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. by Rev. G. G. Parkinson, D. D., of Erskine Seminary. It is a distinguished privilege to hear Dr. Parkinson. The public is cordially invited to hear him.

Orville Baptist Church.
Herman W. Stone, pastor, 10 a. m. Sunday school, J. A. Hays, superintendent. 11 a. m. Sermon. 3:30 p. m. Deacons meeting at the home of Mr. Chas. Walker. 3:30 p. m. Ladies' Missionary Society. 7 p. m. Sermon. Pastor preaching at both hours. Prayer and praise service Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Visitors and strangers cordially invited and welcome to all the services.

Westley Philaethea Class.
The Westley Philaethea class of St. John's Methodist church will meet on Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock, with Mrs. Remus Henderson, on Marshall avenue.

First Baptist Church.
Teachers' meeting at 9:45. Sabbath school at 1:00. A. L. Smethers, supt. Public worship at 11:30. Sermon by the pastor, Rev. Jno F. Vines. Subject: "Thou Art the Man." Baptist Young Peoples Union at 6:00. Mr. C. E. Earle, president. T. C. LaFoy, leader. Public worship at 7:30. Sermon by the pastor, Subject: "Be ye Separate." The public is cordially invited to attend and worship with us at all these services.

St. John's Methodist Church.
St. John's Methodist church, Rev. John W. Speake, pastor, Sunday school at 10 o'clock. O. M. Heard, supt. Sunday is "Deacon Day" and will be observed in all the churches and at all the church services. We believe that the Sunday services will be of special interest and benefit to all our members and friends and they are in all kindness urged to be present. The protracted meeting has been of incalculable good to our church and will be continued for some days. A cordial greeting will be given all visitors.

Central Presbyterian Church.
D. Witherspoon Dodge, minister. Sunday school at 10 o'clock. Morning service at 11:30, at which hour the



Buy Cotton Goods this Week!

This, as you know, is "National Cotton Goods Week" and anything you buy, whether for dresses or household necessities, will be helping right here at home.

THE FARMER AND THE JUNIOR PHILATHEAS

Helping them will help you, help us, help everybody. You'll find this a mighty good store for all your Cotton Goods wants, we've a splendid stock, selected with as much care as the higher priced wool goods. We've sold this season many dresses and all of them made up wonderfully pretty. Also many cleverly made garments from our Ready-to-wear department in Gingham, Etc. The piece goods are here in quite a variety.

Ginghams, Percales, Galateas, Calico, Crepes, Curtain Scrims, Draperies, Outings, Flannelettes, Canton Flannels, White Goods of every description, Sheets, Pillow Cases, Quilts, Towels : : : : : :

And hundreds of other things made from Cotton—Just as the goods are right in quality, they are right in price. So come Monday and this week and make our store your shopping place.

Moore-Wilson Co.

quarterly communion of the Lord's supper will be observed. Subject of sermon: "The Conversion of a Doubter." Miss Stranathan of Anderson College, will sing in the morning and Mr. Sam Orr Tribble at night. We issue a cordial invitation to you to worship with us.

PUBLICITY REACHING THE MASSES

Whether your business be retail or wholesale--store or shop--if you deal in merchandise used by the masses, you can reach them most effectively with an electric sign.

Night after night your name and wares are "burned" into the minds of untold numbers of people.

It doubles the effectiveness of your newspaper ads by always reminding people of them.

For further particulars telephone No. 223-L. A representative will call on request and furnish estimates of cost and any other information desired.

SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES COMPANY

TALKING ABOUT US

Col. "Billy" Banks.

Who was it said that "The world is better for his having lived in it?" Well there is one sure thing. Anderson is better for Col. "Billy" Banks having lived here, and there is great regret that he could not have lived here forever. He made Anderson his town in every sense of the word, and did everything possible for the advancement of his adopted city. He has left a lasting monument in the brilliant lights bearing the words, "Anderson is My Town," which was erected by his enterprise, and is the first thing seen on entering the city, the sentiment all loyal Andersonians are proud to announce to the world. We hope that Col. Banks may be with us again at some future day. The society of Anderson is also sustaining a great loss in the removal of the Banks family to Columbia. We are glad that they have lived with us, and sorry that they are to leave us. Wherever they may go they will have the good wishes and love of the Anderson people. —Society editor of The Anderson Daily Mail.

COLLETON FRIENDS ARE PLEASED.

Mr. W. W. Smoak has been promoted on the staff of the Anderson Daily Intelligencer. He was formerly business manager now he is editor and business manager. For many of Mr. Smoak's friends for though it was known that he was making good as business manager it was not expected that he would be given the work of both positions. It is nevertheless a pleasure for the people of Colleton to know that one of their managers. This comes as a surprise to many of our friends. It is expected and hoped that Mr. Smoak will like his new work and find himself successful in it. He has the best wishes of the people of Colleton. —The Walterboro Press and Standard.